

Adventures in the Upside Down and Life in Hawkins Indiana by purpleowlgirl64

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Adventure, Humor

Language: English

Characters: Bob N., J. Hopper, Joyce B., OC

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2018-03-06 22:49:44

Updated: 2018-05-16 22:01:44

Packaged: 2019-12-16 23:13:35

Rating: T

Chapters: 9

Words: 19,470

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Basically, it's Season Two told from the viewpoint of an original character of mine named Maggie, but it's a different timeline than what you see on the show. It's different because there's a new character thrown into the mix of course! I do hope you enjoy and follow along as I muddle my way through telling this story from a different point of view! Rated T for language

1. Prologue

Adventures in the Upside Down and Life in Hawkins, Indiana

Prologue

Hi there, my name is Margaret Langford, Maggie for short. I am a Junior at Hawkins High School and I have two parents that love me (or at least I think they do, but they aren't around enough for me to be sure), Joan and Henry.

My dad? Well, he's a bit of a weird one. He works at Hawkins Lab, or used to, anyway, and his main goal is to get into the Upside Down to see what it's like.

Hawkins Lab is actually where my parents met. My dad was working as a lab technician and my mom as a paid intern. They fell madly in love, and, well, that's how I came about.

Here's another surprising thing; I was almost one of Brenner's lab rats, even got a number tattooed on my wrist, but my mom rescued me before things went any further, which is why Brenner doesn't like my mother very much...at all. Thanks to her, I was able to live a normal (or close to normal) life. I am number 37, so I guess the numbering was random.

Anyway, my dad was the one who figured out I had powers and, after seeing what Brenner does to all his lab rats, decided to train me in the most opposite way possible, so that I wasn't brainwashed. He wanted his daughter to live her life outside of Hawkins Lab (although, I did go on many visits, growing up).

I mean, that's my cover story anyway. I'm actually from the present day, having traveled to the fictional 80s town of Hawkins, Indiana. I work with a man who is in many ways, like the Doctor from Doctor Who, but his name is the Professor, and one of his assignments for me, was to go into the Upside Down and get footage of it.

My mission; live in Hawkins, Indiana for a year and get footage of the Upside Down, and to also blend in as much as possible, with the

Professor by my side, helping me wherever he can. I have to do most of it on my own, though. I'm the one who has to figure out how to get close with the Byers' so that I can have access to their backyard shed.

With all that being said, I will start with telling you stories about my life during that year I spent in 1984 Hawkins, Indiana. I just have to figure out the order in which I want to tell these stories. The story of the Egg Project I had to do is exciting but I have to tell the story of how I got started getting close to the Byers' because that's most important.

Oh, I also have a best friend named Delilah, Del for short. She's the only one who knows about my mission. The Professor has told her all about it and made her sign a Confidentiality Agreement. Nevertheless, she is about as fascinated to know about present day as I am to know about living in the 80s so this will be interesting!

I'm from a time where time travel is possible, there are teleportation devices worn on the wrist called FROGs (Far Reaching Outbound Generator), and lots more.

Before we start, let me just be clear that where I'm from, "Stranger Things" is a TV show on Netflix, but thanks to my mission, I get to live it, from where the second season started to well past its end. You'll get to find out what happened after the Snowball, and experience, though my point of view what Hawkins is like the rest of the year.

Also, let me just say that there are two different timelines here, one that was depicted on the show, and the one the following stories are based on, the timeline told from my viewpoint.

For the purposes of the mission, I live with the Professor in a two-story house that looks 80s on the outside, but very, let's say, modern on the inside. For that reason, I'm not allowed to have anyone over, except Delilah. The Professor set it up this way, so that I would have more reason to stay over at the Byers' as much as possible.

Okay I believe that's everything. Oh, one more thing. I do know how to drive and have my own car, but it's in the present, and not the

past, so I have to rely on Delilah and her car for transportation. She named her car; Ferguson, by the way, Fergus for short.

Enough exposition, let's get on with the story!

-End of Prologue-

2. Chapter 1

Chapter One

October 29th, 1984, Hawkins, Indiana

"It's basically like Romeo and Juliet, but with pumpkins" explained Delilah as she stood on her tiptoes to grab a book from the upper shelf of her locker.

I was confused. Turning from getting things out of my own locker, I asked, with a frown, "I don't get it"

Delilah sighed, "I thought you were Miss Shakespeare Expert"

Nodding, I replied, "I am, but I don't get the connection between Romeo and Juliet and pumpkins"

My best friend answered, "Okay, so my family lives on a pumpkin farm, right?" I nodded as I rearranged the inside of my locker for the millionth time that morning, and then grabbed my History textbook.

She went on, "The neighboring farm also has a pumpkin farm"

Nodding, I questioned, as I flipped through the textbook, "And your crush lives there, right?"

Grinning, Delilah said, "Yeah, now you get it"

Nodding again, I realized, "Let me see if I can get this straight, you and Zander live on farms that are forever feuding with each other over stupid things, and right now it's over pumpkins and corn"

"Poisoned pumpkins and corn" corrected my friend, holding up a finger, "Nobody can decide on who poisoned whose pumpkin patch. They're just pointing fingers at each other" She rolled her eyes, "It's crazy. My mom's so paranoid about another Demogorgon attack that she's almost becoming a helicopter parent. I think I'm the only sane one in this family"

She then sighed and added, "So, are we on for Melvad's after school

to get candy?"

It was my turn to correct her, "It's Melvald's, and I can't. The Professor set up some appointment for me with one of the doctors at Hawkins Lab. I guess they're functioning as some sort of hospital, I don't know"

Nodding, Delilah answered, "If it's only a general evaluation to get your records all set up for you living here, then it shouldn't take too long. If Joyce takes you there, I'll pick you up"

I grinned, "But how will you know when I need to be picked up? This is 1984, remember, Del? We're from two different time periods. I don't know how these things work" Delilah sighed at this and bit her lip as she thought this over.

Finally, she shrugged, "Ask Joyce to drop you off back at school"

I asked, "And you'll be here?"

Nodding, Delilah answered, "With rings on my fingers and bells on my toes"

Peeking past my locker door at Jonathan Byers who stood at his locker, talking to Nancy Wheeler, I turned to Del and said, "Change of subject. How do I approach Jonathan about him tutoring me?"

Turning me around with her hands on my shoulders, she said, "Just do it, you'll know what to do when you get there, now get going you don't have a lot of time"

I took a deep breath and closed my locker door. Del gave me a slight push and I nervously walked down the hallway to where Nancy and Jonathan stood. Nancy turned as I approached, smiled and said, "Hey, you're, Maggie, right? The new girl?"

Nodding, I replied, "Yep, that's me. I assume you mean new to Hawkins, right?"

The curly-haired brunette answered, "Yeah, totally" She checked her watch, and then said, "Oops, gotta run" and hurried off, calling out to Jonathan over her shoulder as she dodged students, "See you in

History"

Jonathan asked, as he reached for something in his locker, "So are you going to dress up for Halloween?"

I answered, "I haven't really thought about it"

The tall boy chuckled, "You'd better think of something quick, Halloween is coming up"

Nervously changing the subject I leaned against the locker next to his and asked, "So, uh, I hear you're really good in History"

The tall boy nodded, "Yeah, I suppose I am, why do you ask? Need to be tutored or something?" I nodded. He grinned and said "Well, then I'm just the right guy to ask, your place or mine?"

I replied, "Uh, yours. My parents are kind of weird about me bringing guys home, mostly because I never do"

Jonathan nodded, "Makes sense. Well, my place it is. Saturday sound good?" I nodded. We exchanged phone numbers, just as the bell rang to get to class, so I bid him a quick goodbye and hurried off to homeroom.

Later on that afternoon, it was time for PE. As students ran laps around the gym, I stood, arguing with my PE teacher, Mrs. Kimball. She pointed at the students and ordered, "For the last time, Miss Langford, go run laps with your classmates"

Folding my arms across the front of my PE shirt, I replied, "I can't do that as I've told you so many times. I have a very specific, very rare kind of asthma that prohibits me from running even one lap. Do you want me to suffer an asthma attack while running laps?"

The teacher answered, "No, of course not, but I need a doctor's note"

I shot back, "All you need me to do is run a lap. If I collapse, then you have your proof, but if I manage to complete the laps, then you'll know I was making up an excuse"

Mrs. Kimball heaved a sigh, "Listen here, girlie, I need a doctor's note

to give to the school, so they know and I know not to make you participate in activities that will trigger your asthma. It's a liability thing"

Just as I was about to go all crazy-pants on her, one of the gym doors opened and the secretary's shrill voice echoed across the gym, making several students snigger as they ran their laps, "Margaret Langford? Come with me, please"

I couldn't help it, maybe it was my impulse control issue that's plagued me since kindergarten. As I jogged across the gym, I put up the middle finger, which made a shocked Mrs. Kimball shout, "DETENTION, SATURDAY, 9 AM, MISS LANGFORD"

"Shouldn't have done that", the secretary spoke shaking her head as we walked together down the hallway.

Rubbing the back of my neck, I asked, "Uh, how long do Saturday detentions last?"

The secretary answered, "Oh, usually the length of an average school day, with breaks to use the restroom, and for lunch. This is what happens when you argue with a teacher and then flip her off" She smiled, "And you look like such a nice young lady who would never raise her voice to any person of authority"

When we reached the office, Joyce Byers stood from a chair in the waiting area, smiled and gave a wave. The secretary spoke, "She's all yours, Mrs. Byers"

As we walked from the school, Joyce put an arm around my shoulders and asked, concern in her voice, "So, they didn't let you change out of your PE outfit, huh?" I nodded and gave a shiver. I was wearing shorts, after all.

When we reached the car, I watched as Joyce unlocked the car, opened the passenger side door, pulled the seat-back forward and then stepped aside. I climbed into the backseat and buckled my seatbelt. Joyce told me, as she righted the seat, "Hate to have to make you sit in the back, but Will likes the front seat"

As I watched Joyce drive to the front of Hawkins Middle School, I asked, "Can I tell you something?"

The older woman glanced at me over her shoulder, smiled and replied, "Of course, what's up, sweetie?"

Giving a nervous squirm in my seat, I said, "I got detention"

Frowning, Joyce asked, "For what?"

After chewing on my bottom lip, I answered meekly, "I argued with my PE teacher and then gave her the bird as I left the gym. It all started because I couldn't run laps with the other students due to my asthma, and she said I needed a doctor's note. I didn't have one"

I added, "I would blame the movie "Heathers", but it's not out yet" I resisted the urge to add the fact that the movie wouldn't come out for another four years.

Joyce frowned at me some more, "How do you know about a movie that isn't out yet?"

Realizing Joyce didn't and wasn't supposed to know that I was from the future, I answered, "Uh, never mind. Oh, look, here comes Will"

Once Will, the boy with the bowl-haircut, got into the front seat, and greeted me, Joyce began the drive to Hawkins Lab. The drive felt long and it was quiet, except for the occasional conversation between Will and his mom.

"Alright, sweetie, now meet me out here when you're done, okay?" asked Joyce, her hands on my shoulders as we stood in the lobby of the lab. I nodded. She gave me a reassuring smile, squeezed my shoulders and then hurried off with Will and Hopper, who had met us in the parking lot and walked in with us.

A little while later, I sat on a table with the crinkly white paper, as my doctor, his name was Dr. Miller, listened to my lungs. The metal stethoscope felt cold on my skin, but I tried hard not to mind.

Soon placing the stethoscope around his neck, the doctor spoke, "What did you say was the name of your asthma again?"

I took a piece of paper that the Professor had given me that morning, out of my pocket and handed it to the doctor. He read the paper, nodded and said, "Right, the only other case is a woman named Marjorie Whittaker" I nodded.

As he wrote something in my files, I played with my fingers and spoke, "My PE teacher wants me to bring in a doctor's note to prove I have this rare form of asthma. She tried to make me run laps"

Nodding, Dr. Miller spoke, "Oof, yeah, that would have been a bad idea. I'll get it written for you right away"

At the end of the appointment, it was time for shots. Dr. Miller consulted my files and spoke, "It looks like you're due for your MenB shot, to prevent meningitis. You didn't get your booster shot at 16, and you're-what, 17?" I nodded. He checked my files and said, "Yep, 17 years of age, turning 18 next year in March"

Of course, by the time he had prepared the needle and the injection site, my sleeve rolled up, I remembered that I was undercover as a 17 year old and in reality, I'm 24 years old. He was about to give me a shot that I didn't actually need!

I spoke hurriedly, squirming away from him, "Uh, you know what, I just remembered that my shots chart you got from my previous doctor hasn't been updated. I got my shot for meningitis when I went in for my 16 year checkup"

It took a few minutes for Dr. Miller to confirm this, but when it was confirmed that I was telling the truth, I breathed a sigh of relief.

"So, how'd it go, sweetie?" asked Joyce as I met her in the lobby after my appointment, still thankful that my secret hadn't been revealed. She put her arm around my shoulders and added with a smirk, "They didn't make you pee in a cup, did they?"

From beside her, Will made a face, "Mom, gross!"

Joyce chuckled, "Sorry, but in all seriousness, it went well?"

I nodded and replied, "Yeah, I'm all up to date, and I got my doctor's note"

Will asked, intrigued, "Doctor's note, for what?"

I replied, "I got into an argument with my PE teacher because she was trying to make me run laps when I couldn't because I have a really rare form of asthma. I even gave her the middle finger as I walked from the gym"

Joyce immediately jumped in as she pushed open one of the double doors, "Which you should not do, mister! Maggie got in trouble for that. Don't think you can follow her example"

Will just grinned, "It sounds bad-ass"

I spoke, "I think he's been hanging around with Dustin and Lucas too long"

The boy protested, "They're my friends" but he understood what I was saying.

As we got in the car, Joyce asked, "How about we stop at Subway for lunch, huh?"

I answered, "Oh, my friend Del is waiting for me back at the school"

Starting up the car, Joyce spoke, waving to Hopper, who, by the way, had parked next to us, "That's alright, we'll get the sandwiches to go" I smiled at this as I buckled my seatbelt.

Author's Note

Not sure what I wanted to do with this chapter, except sort of set things up for later chapters. I should note that Maggie is already friendly with Joyce, since she goes to her store often, but to get to the shed, Maggie needs to start going to the Byers' house often enough so that soon enough, the Byers won't mind if Maggie wants to come over to look for something in their backyard.

3. Halloween

Halloween

"Margaret Langford, I can't believe you got detention" smirked Del on Halloween morning as we stood at our lockers. I had told Del about my detention when she picked me up the day before. Frankly, I was surprised that she was still surprised by it.

She added, "See, if you were dressed as Sandy, Good Sandy, I mean, not Bad to the Bone Sandy, then it would be ironic" By the way, I was dressed as Frenchie from "Grease" while Del was dressed as Rizzo. We wore very authentic Pink Ladies jackets, thanks to Del's mom, who works in a costuming department and was able to work her magic.

Just then, Steve Harrington shouted, as he passed by, "Hey, Frenchie's hair isn't blue! It's blonde and then pink, but not blue"

Del smirked at me, "Should we tell him it was the other way around?" I just shrugged, not wanting to give him any more attention.

I then pointed out, "Besides, it's entirely in character for Frenchie to dye her hair blue, so it works"

Nodding and smacking her gum, Del agreed, "Hell yeah it does"

Jonathan joined us and said, "Hey, Frenchie and Riz, nice costumes" After we thanked him, he went on, "So, Maggie, I mean Frenchie, I heard from my mom that you got yourself detention for Saturday. Wanna reschedule?"

Del spoke, "Did Mrs. Byers tell you what Maggie did to get herself detention?"

Looking interested, Jonathan replied, "No, but do tell"

Grabbing my History textbook from my locker, I said, "Oh, it's nothing really, I got into an argument with Mrs. Kimball about running laps because I have this super rare asthma and when the secretary showed up, I walked away, giving Mrs. Kimball the finger"

Jonathan sounded surprised, "I've only known you for a few months, but that sounds so unlike you" He paused and went on, "So, you're gonna serve your time in detention, right?"

I replied, "You've seen the previews for that Breakfast Club movie that's coming out in February, right?" Jonathan and Del both nodded. I went on, "If Saturday detention is anything like that movie, I don't think I want to go"

Looking more surprised than before, the boy asked, "So, you're going to skip? Geeze, what's gotten into you?"

I just answered, "I need the tutoring session more, believe me. You don't want me to fail History, do you?"

Rubbing the back of his neck, Jonathan replied, uneasily, "Well, no, but-Maggie, are you sure you want to do this?" I nodded. He sighed, "I'm glad my mom's working a 10-5 shift, or else I don't think you'll be allowed over" I nodded again.

He then got an idea, "Okay, just in case tomorrow doesn't work, how about we have a tutoring session after school. I'll give you a ride to my house and then either my mom or I will give you a ride home" I nodded a third time.

As it turned out, Mrs. Kimball wasn't too bad because she let us wear our costumes to PE and once I handed her my doctor's note, she let me sit out. It was fun sitting on the bleachers and watch the rest of the class run laps in their costumes.

Fast forward a little more to after-school. Jonathan and I went out to his car, got in that car and drove to his house. As he drove, he asked, "So, you're really going to skip out on detention tomorrow?" I nodded. He added, "You know they're gonna call Hopper on you, right?"

Looking a little scared, I asked, "I thought that was just a rumor? Is that really what happens?"

The long-haired boy shrugged, "I dunno, but it could be what happens if my mom gets involved. My brother and I haven't really

been rule-breakers, so you might be her first case" I wasn't sure how to feel about that.

Finally, we pulled up at the Byers' house and went in, my backpack slung over one shoulder of my Pink Ladies jacket. As soon as Will saw me, he leapt up from his math homework, hurried over and asked, "Is that a wig or your real hair?"

I grinned, "Tug on it and see" before kneeling down closer to Will. He tugged at a curl and I grimaced in pain. Noticing his proton blaster he wore as part of his Ghostbusters costume, I asked, "Does that thing really work?"

Shaking his head as Joyce exited the kitchen, using a washcloth to dry a dish, the boy replied, "Nope, but it looks cool, right?"

Smiling, Joyce said, "Well, well, this is a surprise. Jonathan, I thought you weren't bringing Maggie over until tomorrow?"

Jonathan shrugged his shoulders and replied, as Will admired my shiny pink jacket, running his fingers over the embroidery on the back, "We had to reschedule because it turns out she has detention tomorrow, as you know" Joyce nodded.

Will supplied, "She got it for arguing with a teacher and putting up the middle finger"

Joyce replied sternly, tousling his hair, "Which is something you should not do"

The boy groaned, "Yeah, Mom, I remember"

The older woman smiled, "Good, now get back to your math homework" She used the washcloth to playfully swat his behind as he dragged his feet back to where his math homework lay, abandoned on the carpet.

After a good History tutoring session, which involved studying for the upcoming test, and occasional interruptions from Will and Joyce, we finally got through it. Will worked on his math homework nearby. I helped him as much as I could and realized that middle school math homework from 1984, was a heck of a lot easier than when I was in

middle school, so many years later.

As Bob arrived, dressed in his vampire costume, Will greeted him, tugged at the sleeve of my jacket and said, "Hey, Maggie, I want to show you something really cool, out in the shed!"

Joyce, overhearing this, told him, "Make it quick, sweetie, remember, you're leaving for trick-or-treating soon" Will nodded and tugged me from the living room.

As we entered the kitchen, Bob called out after me, "Maggie, I hope the shed doesn't suuuck" in his best Dracula impression. I just rolled my eyes. This wouldn't be the first time he would try this line.

In the shed, Will turned on the light as I asked, "Isn't this where you got taken into the Upside Down?"

The boy shivered, "Ugh, don't remind me, but yes, yes it is. The real thing I want to show you though is down here" He squatted, brushed aside a layer of dust and leaves and pulled up a trap door to reveal a set of stairs. Grabbing a pair of flashlights, he handed one to me, keeping the other for himself.

As I followed the boy down the stairs, I was happily thinking about how this made my mission to get to the Upside Down way easier, thanks to Will! I shut the trap door behind me, leaving us in the complete darkness.

Finally, we hopped down from the last stair and I found myself in a underground chamber, with walls and floor made out of hard-packed dirt. As I shone the flashlight around, Will explained, "Mike and I used to hang out down here, back before we discovered that the basement had heat and indoor plumbing"

Just then, the wall across from the stairs shook, making clumps of dirt fall to the floor, and made Will spin around to face me, asking shakily, "Uh, what was that?" I shrugged. The wall shook again and more clumps of dirt fell.

The wall shook one last time and a layer of dirt crumbled to the floor, revealing a barrier behind it, a bright reddish-pink barrier. I stepped

closer, put my hand out and ran my fingers over it, finding the barrier slimy and slightly sticky to the touch. It reminded me of what was behind the living room wallpaper back in season one.

Pulling at my arm, Will shouted, "Get away from there, Maggie! It's a gate to the Upside Down!"

I replied, putting my whole hand on the barrier and pushing on it, "I can't get through, so I think we're safe"

Tugging at my arm some more, Will shot back, "For now! What if a Demogorgon could get through?" I had no answer to this.

The barrier glowed for a few seconds and then faded so that all there was left, was more dirt. I had a feeling in the pit of my stomach that it would reappear again, so I made a mental note to come back, preferably the next day, to see if I could get through. Now I really HAD to skip out on detention!

Tugging at my arm one last time, Will got me up the stairs and out of the underground chambers. He shut the door and breathed a sigh of relief. I then followed him out of the shed and halfway across the backyard where we met Joyce.

She called out, "Oh, there you two are! C'mon, Will, time for Jonathan to take you trick or treating, and Maggie, I'll give you a ride home, I'd just LOVE to meet your parents" I could tell she was being sarcastic.

On the ride to the house I share with the Professor, Joyce spoke, "So, I forgot to mention earlier, but I really like your costume! Frenchie, right?" I nodded. She reached over and playfully tugged one of the curls, "She may not have had blue hair in the movie, but perhaps after the blond hair, she would switch to blue"

I shrugged, "Some of the boys at my school didn't think Frenchie would have blue hair"

Joyce just smirked, "Ah, don't listen to them. They didn't pay enough attention to the movie, and not enough attention to Frenchie, because if they did, they would know that Frenchie is totally the kind of girl

who would dye her hair blue" I smiled at this and Joyce smiled back.

"You really don't have to do this, Mrs. Byers, really" I complained as I unbuckled my seatbelt and grabbed my backpack from between my feet. We had pulled up in front of the house.

Joyce scoffed, unbuckling her own seatbelt, "But I really do, Maggie, and by the way, you can call me Joyce, it's alright"

I glumly followed her from the car, up the porch steps and to the front door, all decked out for Halloween. The pumpkin I had carved when Del came over for pumpkin carving, sat on the porch next to the one that the Professor had carved. Joyce rang the doorbell.

As we waited, she nudged me and asked, "So, which pumpkin's yours?"

I pointed and replied, "It's supposed to look like a simple Mickey Mouse design, but the ears are all lopsided"

Joyce just smiled, put an arm around my shoulders and reassured, "Well, I like it, and it looked like you had fun doing it, right?" I nodded. She said, as the Professor opened the door, "Then, that's all that matters"

If you want to imagine what the Professor looks like, just picture the 12th Doctor during his farewell season, with his gray hair all grown out, making him look like an old timey composer of classical music, and you've got the Professor. Simple as that, really.

The Professor smirked, "Ah, so who do we have here? Joyce Byers and Frenchie from the movie musical, "Grease", am I right?" I nodded.

He offered the bowl of candy he held to Joyce, but she didn't take any. Instead, Joyce spoke, "You're Maggie's grandfather, correct?" The Professor nodded warily.

Joyce went on, "I believe Maggie here has something she needs to tell you"

Frowning at me, the Professor spoke, "Don't bother, I already got a call from the school earlier today. They said they had called the day

before to confirm, and got what sounded like Maggie's mother"

He went on, taking the backpack from my hands, "Which is strange because Maggie's mother is on vacation at the moment, in the Bahamas"

Turning to me, Joyce asked, "You pretended to be your mother on the phone with the school?" I gave a meek nod.

The Professor spoke patiently, "Joyce, thank you for bringing Maggie home" and then to me said, "Margaret, say goodbye to Mrs. Byers and come inside"

Joyce hugged me and spoke, "Goodbye, Maggie. I hope you can come over for another tutoring session soon"

I hugged her back, "Bye, Joyce, and I hope so too"

A little while later, inside the warm house, I asked, as the Professor set the bowl of candy on the table by the door, "Can I at least invite Del over so she can help me pass out candy?"

The Professor replied, "Yes, you may, but you may not, however go out tonight. You are too old for trick or treating anyway"

He went on, "And furthermore, you WILL go to that Saturday detention tomorrow. I don't care if you think it'll be too much like "The Breakfast Club" because guess what, it probably won't"

Joke's on him, I thought to myself, because I'm not going. I'm not afraid of Hopper coming after me.

An hour or so later, Del and I were about to close the door after a group of costumed trick-or-treaters came by, when there was a rumble from the sky. The problem was that it was a clear night. Clear, and cold, not to mentioned a pretty array of stars twinkling away.

Just as I turned away, there was a louder rumble and the sky began turning a bright reddish-orange. Dark clouds blew in, or what looked like dark clouds. They were a steel gray-crap, that's the shadow monster! Am I seeing what Will had been seeing?

Del gaped, "What the hell is going on with the sky?"

Whipping my head to her, I exclaimed, "You can see it too?"

The girl answered, "Hell yeah I can, and it's scary" She tugged at the sleeve of my Pink Ladies jacket, "C'mon, Maggie, let's go back inside" I didn't move, still staring up at the sky, wondering what the heck was going on.

I knew somewhere else in the neighborhood, Will was hurrying down a street, trying to find a place to hide. I wanted so badly to go find him, but the Professor had told me that it was vitally important NOT to interfere with the events from the show. It was sort of like the Butterfly Effect.

Just as the night sky snapped back to normal, the Professor appeared at the door and said, "Girls, I'll explain inside" and that's what got me moving from out on the porch to inside the warm house, following Delilah, who was fixing the black curly wig she had put on to look like Rizzo.

The Professor proceeded to sit us down on the couch and explain, in no uncertain terms that because he and I are time-travelers to a fictional place known as Hawkins, Indiana, I had the ability to see what Will was seeing as he stared up at the sky during various points in Season Two. Del could see it just by being near me.

Del with wide eyes was confused. The Professor just smiled, patting her knee, "Just wait about 30 years, it'll all become clear"

My friend sighed, and asked, "Will we be able to keep in touch?"

Glancing at the Professor, who gave me an assuring nod, I replied, "Yeah, of course, and hey, maybe when I go back to my time, I can track you down and see how you're doing"

Del smiled at this, "I already know what I'll be doing. I'm going to be a photographer with my own studio. Jonathan's been helping me since Freshman year" I smiled at this, just as the doorbell rang.

Taking the bowl from where the Professor had set it on the coffee table, I got to my feet, hurried to the front door and opened it to find

Lucas, Dustin, and a few other costumed trick-or-treaters. I knew the girl with the long red hair flowing from under her mask was Max Mayfield, otherwise known as Mad Max.

They all chimed, "Trick or treat!" and I proceeded to distribute small handfuls of candy to each of their bags, making sure to give extra Three Musketeers to Dustin and Lucas because I knew how much they loved that candy, especially Lucas!

I sighed and leaned against the doorframe as the kids thanked me earnestly and hurried away down the porch steps. Halloween in 1984 was turning out to be quite the night, let me tell you, quite the night!

Author's Note: I know this one was my longest one yet, but I wanted to get in as much information as possible. I'm going to have fun with this story, I can tell!

Oh, and according to my dad, movie trailers were known as "previews" in 1984, so I had to make a correction. Gotta keep it authentic, right?

4. Attempting to Skip Detention-Part One

Attempting to Skip Detention-Part 1

November 1st, 1984

Squaring my shoulders, licking my lips and then steeling myself, I put my hand up to the door, formed said hand into a fist and knocked three times. I then rocked back and forth on my heels a little, as I waited. My backpack hung from one shoulder, as I had seen all the cool kids do (I'm not cool, nor will I ever be, not in the 80s and not when I was in high school).

I just about peed my pants in fright when the door opened to reveal Joyce. She smiled and asked, as she put in an earring, "Hey there, Maggie, what's up?"

Noticing Jonathan over her shoulder as he gave me a confused look, I hurried on, "Jonathan told me you had a 10 to 5 shift today"

Smirking and turning to Jonathan who sat at the kitchen table with Will, Joyce asked, finished putting in her earring and now was putting a hand on her hip, "Oh really? Jonathan told you that?" I gave a shaky nod, now kind of scared of Joyce.

Joyce went on, "He must have forgotten that on Saturdays, I work a 9:30 to 4 shift, because Georgina is out on maternity leave still" I nervously checked my watch, which read "9:05 AM" and felt like I was going to throw up right there on the Byers' porch.

Going inside her house, she grabbed her jacket and purse, kissed both her boys on their heads and called out, "I'm going to drop Maggie off at the school on my way to work"

Will looked confused, "But the school isn't on the way to Melvalds"

I jumped in, "Yeah, it isn't"

Pointing her keys at first me and then Will, "You, hush, and you, behave yourself, and yes, you may go over to Mike's for Dragons and Dungeons later"

Will called out as Joyce stepped out of the house, "It's called Dungeons and Dragons, Mom"

The shorter woman then closed the door, placed a hand on my shoulder, turned me around and said, "Alright, missy, march your behind to the car"

Once we were in the car and on our way to the school, Joyce asked, "So, you really thought you could fool me by agreeing to go to detention, but showing up at my house for the tutoring session anyway, huh?" I just shrugged.

She smirked, "Well, I tried the same thing when I was in high school, except of course, I was sneaking away to make out with Hopper, so this sounded very familiar to me, very familiar indeed. I just wish I caught on to the two of you sooner"

It wasn't long before she pulled into a parking space at Hawkins High School and unbuckled her seatbelt. I knew she was about to escort me into the school herself, just to make sure I made it to detention, so I said, echoing what I had told her the night before, "You really don't have to do this, Mrs. Byers, really"

Of course, Joyce ignored this and patted my knee before she told me, "Alright, get moving" I heaved a sigh, unbuckled my seatbelt, grabbed my backpack from between my knees and got out of the car.

With a hand clutching my arm to prevent my escape, Joyce escorted me across the parking lot, up onto the curb, up the steps and to the entrance, where, to my surprise, Chief Jim Hopper stood, smoking a cigarette.

After we greeted him, Joyce was about to open one of the double doors, when I inhaled the smoke, pulled my arm out of the woman's grasp and proceeded to fake my way through an asthma attack, doing my best wheezing. I even dropped to my knees on the hard, cold concrete.

Grabbing my backpack, Joyce dropped to her knees as well and swore, "Crap, Maggie, you're gonna make me late for work, now where's your inhaler?"

I didn't respond and instead, I rolled onto my side and continued my fake asthma attack. I was doing a pretty damn good job of it too, considering my parents raised me in a theater, which they own, might I add. I never dared fake an asthma attack around them because the one time I did, they took it seriously and gave me a lecture about "crying wolf".

Hopper was having none of it, of course. Man, I should have known. He's the chief of police, he's probably seen a lot of faker pants out there. He stomped out his cigarette and then gently toed me in the side as he gruffly spoke, "Stop your fake asthma attack and get up"

Getting to my feet, I asked, "How'd you know I was lying?"

The man replied, brushing me off, "You really want to get into that right now, young lady?" I meekly shook my head.

Hopper gestured for Joyce to hand him my backpack. Joyce did so and then Hopper handed it to me as he said, "Alright, now let's get outta here"

Joyce exclaimed, "Hold on one damn minute, Hop. I thought our mission was to get Maggie into detention and make her stay there to serve her punishment, not walk her away before she even gets into the school"

The man shrugged, "Don't ask how I know this, but I just happen to know that Billy Hargrove is serving his detention today. The guy who runs the Saturday detention tells me that Billy smokes in the classroom and nobody does a damn thing to stop him"

He went on, "I also happen to know that if Maggie is put in that detention room with Billy, then she'd be having an asthma attack for real and I, for one, do not want to put her through that, thank you very much"

Throwing her hands up in the air, Joyce shot back, "Well, what do you suggest we do with her then, Hop? I don't want to take her back to my house for the tutoring session because that'll teach her the wrong lesson, something about getting off the hook"

Hopper replied, "I'll take her to the Wheelers' and make sure Nancy and Karen stay on her back about studying. She could even earn some extra money babysitting Holly if Karen and Ted go out and Nancy goes to the mall. The boys will be fine on their own"

Joyce nodded and smiled, "Hey, that's actually a really good idea, and when I get off work, I'll pick her up and take her to my place to have that tutoring session with Jonathan, to reward her for staying put and serving her detention" This sounded like a good idea to me!

Hopper smiled back at her, "Alright, well, you go, I don't want you to be late for work"

Nodding, Joyce checked her watch, swore under her breath, gave me a quick hug goodbye and hurried away, almost tripping down the steps. Once she pulled away in her car, I followed Hopper to his Blazer.

"Well, well, this is a surprise" remarked Karen Wheeler as she opened the door a little while later, Holly on her hip, to find Hopper and myself on her porch.

Pointing, Holly spoke, "I wike your boo hair"

Chuckling, Karen kissed the side of her daughter's blond head, "Yes, that's right, sweetie, good job! She does have blue hair" Jerking her head inside the house, Karen spoke, "Hopper, why don't you bring your, uh, guest, in and explain yourself"

I followed Hopper into the warm house and Karen shut the door behind us. The TV was playing an episode of "Reading Rainbow" and I got a funny little jolt in my stomach as I realized that it probably wasn't a rerun, it was playing on TV, complete with actual commercials in between, commercials that would play in 1984. Man, it's weird being a time-traveler!

After Karen set Holly down (so Holly could get back to her show), Karen turned to us and folded her arms. Hopper spoke, "First of all, Karen, this is Maggie Langford, she attends Hawkins High School as a 11th grader" The woman nodded.

Hopper cleared his throat, "Um, anyway, she got herself detention for being rude to a teacher, detention that was scheduled for today, except Maggie couldn't attend because there's another student in the detention room who openly smokes, and, well, Maggie has asthma. You can see why this would be a problem"

Karen replied, "Why'd you bring her here, Hopper?"

Ted, who I thought was snoring away in his La-Z-Boy" suddenly spoke, "Isn't it obvious, Karen? Hopper thought this would be an alternate option for Maggie to serve detention"

Hopper nodded, "I hate to say this, but Ted's right. All I want you to do is make sure she stays inside the house and does her studying or homework or whatever"

Karen asked incredulously, "And what am I supposed to do if she's finished with all that?"

The chief shrugged, "I don't know, Karen, you'll think of something. Heck, you can even send her up to do something girly with Nancy, it'll be good for them to bond"

He went on, "Joyce will pick her up when she gets off work at 4, so all you have to do is feed her lunch, and possibly a late breakfast, and she'll be good to go"

And with that, Hopper made sure I had everything I needed, bid everyone goodbye, reminded me to behave and NOT try to escape, and left the house. I turned nervously to Karen, who still stood in the same spot, arms folded, biting her lower lip. Trying to lighten the mood, I spoke, "I'm pretty low-maintenance"

Giving me a cheery smile, Karen replied, "I'm sure you are. Now, are you hungry? I can whip you up something to eat before you sit down with your schoolwork"

Shrugging, as I followed her to the kitchen and hoisted myself up onto a barstool facing the island counter, "I could eat something"

The woman clapped her hands and said, "Hey, you know what's quick and easy?"

She opened the freezer door and took out a box of frozen waffles, "Frozen waffles, of course" As she took two frozen waffles from the box, she went on, "If you weren't serving detention here, I would be happy to make up some pancakes and eggs, but unfortunately, it'll just be waffles on the menu today"

After checking on the waffles in the toaster, she turned, leaned against the counter and asked, "So, Maggie, tell me more about how you ended up in detention" When I hesitated, she smiled, "C'mon, I really want to know"

Playing with my fingers, I replied, "I got into an argument with my PE teacher because she wanted me to run laps with the rest of the class, when I couldn't because of my really rare asthma. Turns out I needed a doctor's note"

I went on, "The secretary showed up to collect me and take me to the office just then, because Joyce, I mean, Mrs. Byers was going to take me to a doctor's appointment. On my way out of the gym, I put up the middle finger"

Karen looked shocked at this and said, "And here I thought you looked like such a nice girl who wouldn't dare argue with a teacher and then flip her off" I just shrugged and shifted nervously on my seat.

When the waffles popped up, Karen put them on a plate and set the plate in front of me, along with a bottle of syrup and also a fork and a knife. I drizzled on some syrup and began eating.

As I was eating, I heard footsteps thunder down the stairs and pretty soon, a disheveled haired Mike slid into the kitchen, and exclaimed, "Hey, I thought I smelled waffles" Noticing me, he asked, "Who's this?"

Karen admonished, "Michael!"

The boy sighed, "I'm sorry" walked up to stand by my chair, stuck out a hand and said to me, "Hi, I'm Mike Wheeler, who're you?"

As Karen put some waffles into the toaster, I replied, "I'm Maggie,

Maggie Langford, I'm here, serving detention"

Getting wide-eyed, Mike asked, "Woah, cool, I didn't know that was allowed. How'd you get detention"

Karen hurriedly told me, "Please don't tell him. It'll set a bad example", turned to her son and said, "She got it for being very rude to her PE teacher. Hopper thought she should have her detention here because there's a student who smokes in the detention room"

Nodding, Mike said, "You've got asthma, huh?" I nodded.

Once his waffles were ready, Mike took them in the direction of the basement stairs, shouting over his shoulder that he was going to be down there setting up a game of Dungeons and Dragons. Ted just scolded him for shouting in the house.

Author's Note:

I wanted to split this up into two parts. This won't be anything TOO exciting, just setting up for the main stuff later on, setting the scene, if you will. Maggie will find something that might help her when she adventures into the Upside Down in the chapters ahead. Not sure HOW many chapters ahead, but you'll find out!

Mike guessed correctly about Maggie's asthma because he's a smart kid and knows that people with asthma would be affected by people who smoke.

Also, I didn't really mean for it to happen so early on, but I love how Joyce has quickly taken Maggie in and is treating her almost like a daughter. It's a reflection of how I would want Joyce to treat me. I mean, in a way, Maggie is an extension of myself, with, of course, a few key differences (notably the blue hair, which I don't have).

I loved the reviews on my previous story and would love to see some feedback on this story.

One last thing: this chapter (and the next one) was inspired by the fact that I have yet to actually have a Karen appearance in

either of my stories. I don't like her as much as Joyce, but for this to be a proper Stranger Things story, I figured I needed to broaden my horizons a little by including more characters.

5. Attempting to Skip Detention Part Two

But first, and Author's Note: I'm not entirely sure how accurate the first part of this chapter will be since I have no idea if the movie I'm mentioning will have aired on an early afternoon in 1984, but you know what? My story won't entirely be accurate to the time period in which it's set and that's okay! I was born in 1991, so I don't have a lot of experience with 1984.

Also, the depiction of the Dungeons and Dragons manual won't be even close to accurate because I've never played the game and besides there will be something in there I made up for the purposes of this story, so I kind of needed to fictionalize the manual a little. Please don't come after me!

Attempting to Skip Detention (Part 2)

"The hilllllssss are alliivvveee, with the sound of muuusssiiicc" belted out Julie Andrews from the TV, as she twirled on the hill. I sat at the table, my homework spread out around me, busy working my way through a stupidly easy Shakespeare packet. I say stupidly easy, because I happen to be quite knowledgeable about the Bard, if I do say so myself.

I glanced over at the TV, to find little Holly sitting and staring, transfixed at the screen and felt pride swell up in my chest. I was distracted by Karen snapping her fingers at me and saying, "Maggie, no getting distracted by the TV. Back to your homework" I sighed and turned back to my work.

When I knew Karen's back was turned, as she made lunch, I turned in my seat and watched the movie until Karen snapped her fingers again. By the third time this happened, Karen sighed, strode over to the TV and made to turn the channel.

She spoke over the sounds of Holly's protests, "Maggie's working on her homework right now, sweetie. Let's not distract her"

Holly whined, in her three-year-old voice, "No, wanna watch Mawia" and repeated this over and over again. Evidently she's seen the movie

before, if she knew the name of the main character. Her whining turned to shrieks and then she threw herself onto the carpet in a full-blown tantrum, face red, tears streaming down her chubby little cheeks.

Finally, when my ear drums began throbbing, Karen picked up her flailing daughter (almost getting slapped in the face in the process) and carried her upstairs. Not long after that, Nancy's voice called out, "Mom, I'm trying to study"

Karen shouted back, "Come down and study with Maggie"

And that's how Nancy and I ended up at the table together, bonding over our homework and helping each other out. I managed to majorly impress her with my knowledge of William Shakespeare and she in turn, regaled me with tales and gossip from the halls of Hawkins High.

"So, Maggie, how'd you manage to get detention AND get out of detention?" asked Nancy, as she twirled her pencil in her fingers, staring at me in wonderment, which made me feel a little self-conscious.

"She argued with her PE teacher and then flipped that teacher off" answered Mike as he entered the dining area.

Nancy groaned, "Will you get out of here, you dweeb?"

Mike shot back as Dustin and Lucas joined him, "I'm looking for one of my D and D manuals, have you seen it? Maybe it's under the piles and piles of all that homework and studying or whatever you girls have to do for school"

As Dustin got distracted by "The Sound of Music" still playing on the TV, Nancy replied, "I don't even know what the stupid thing looks like. Maybe it got lost in the Upside Down, where it belongs!" Mike and Will both gave shudders at the mention of the dark place.

After Lucas managed to pull Dustin away from the movie, the boys got snacks and vanished down the basement stairs. Nancy just rolled her eyes and turned to me, "So, how'd you get out of detention?"

I shrugged and replied, "According to Hopper, there's a guy named Billy Hargrove who also has detention today. He smokes in the classroom and none of the teachers care, which means, since I have asthma, I can't be in the same detention room as him"

Nancy nodded, "So, Hopper brought you here?" I nodded. She turned to her homework, muttering under her breath, "Lucky" I just smiled at this.

Deciding to distract myself from the horrors of homework, I turned to Nancy and said, trying to sound brave, "I'm thinking about trying to get into the Upside Down"

Nancy shuddered, "Do me a favor, Maggie, and don't. There's all these floating particles that would wreak havoc with your asthma, I'm sure of it. How are you going to get in anyway?" I just shrugged. I hadn't really figured it out quite yet.

Turning back to the table, I began moving around papers and textbooks, trying to find where the heck I had put my pack of note cards I had brought for studying. I didn't want to ask Nancy to see if she had any because I knew the ones I brought were here somewhere!

Eleven (or so) minutes later, I couldn't find my note cards, but I did find Mike's Dungeons and Dragons manual! Maybe it would tell me how to get into the Upside Down! Curiosity getting the best of me, I began flipping through it.

Nancy reminded, "Maggie, now come on, let's not get distracted. What are you looking for?" I didn't answer her, I was too busy skimming the pages, trying to find something that would tell me how to get into the Upside Down.

Finally, an entry caught my eye, which made me stop. It was entitled "Ring of Protection" and, when worn, it protected the person against monsters and all evil spirits.

Of course, it being Dungeons and Dragons, there was complicated dice-rolling, but I didn't care about that. I was too busy wondering if the Ring of Protection was a real thing and if I could track it down

somehow. Hmm, now THIS was getting interesting!

Leaping up from my chair, I ran from the room and soon made my way down the basement steps, making all four boys look up in surprise. The basement looked exactly like it did on the show, but it smelled musty, and also of boy sweat and boy farts. Man, Jonathan wasn't joking when he asked who had been farting!

Before I could clear the last step, Mike hurried up to me and exclaimed, "Cool, you found the manual!"

I held onto it and said, "I'll give it back to you if you answer one or two questions of mine"

Lucas nodded, put his hands behind his head, leaned back and replied, "Alright, we're listening"

Walking over to the table, I set the book on a clear space and said, pointing to the entry mentioned before, "I would like to know if this exists in real life" I resisted the urge to mention that various other things from the manual had appeared in their life before, but I wasn't supposed to know about that, of course!

Dustin replied, "There's a thrift store by where Mrs. Byers works. Check the section where they have board game artifacts. You might be able to find it there. Also, pick up a copy of this Dungeons and Dragons manual because we kind of need this for our game"

Lucas spoke up, "Yeah, I found a cool sword there for like real cheap. I think it's just a replica though" He then added, "I like to pretend it's real" before he paused, thought for a moment, leaned forward and said, "What I just admitted does not leave this room. If Max finds out, then I'm finished" He drew a finger across his throat before sitting back in his seat.

After Mike took his manual back, I hurried back upstairs and had just enough time to slide into my seat at the table and pretend like nothing had happened, before Karen entered the room, looking a little worn out. She said, "Well, Holly finally fell asleep"

A little after 4:15, I was up in Nancy's room. Nancy had just finished

painting my nails, so we were just waiting for them to dry. We heard the doorbell ring from downstairs and Nancy said, after giving my nails a quick once-over, "Okay, you should be good, but be careful" I nodded as I hurried from the room.

When I got downstairs, both Ted and Dustin were watching "The Sound of Music", and I was surprised at how transfixed they were, especially Ted because he did not seem like the type of guy who would like that kind of movie.

Since my nails were still drying, Nancy, who had come downstairs with me, helped me by gathering all my school stuff, making sure she didn't get it mixed up with hers, and zipping it all up in my backpack.

Pretty soon, I met Joyce at the entrance. Karen had let her in, by the way. To Karen she asked, "Oh, you weren't TOO tough on the poor girl, were you?"

Karen answered, "I had to snap my fingers at her a few times when she got distracted by "The Sound of Music", but nothing too bad" Joyce smiled at this and glanced over at the TV.

A little while later, in Joyce's car, as she drove, she spoke, "Oh, I have to go by my store to grab a few things, do you mind hanging around with me a little longer?"

I replied, "No, of course not. Hey, while we're in the area, can you drop me off at that thrift store down the street?"

Joyce asked, "Oh, you mean Junk Deluxe?" I nodded. She went on, "Well, alright, but when I come in there to get you, you better be ready to go, got that?" I nodded.

After being dropped off at Junk Deluxe, I pulled open one of the double doors and stepped inside. It smelled exactly what a thrift/antique store from the 80s should smell like and that made me happy! Now, what was I looking for again? Oh right, something called the Ring of Protection....

Author's Note:

Mike had found out the exact nature of how Maggie got

detention by listening from upstairs while Hopper explained it, and then pretended not to know in front of his mom. Seems like something Mike would do!

Also, I just love how a thrift store with a name like Junk Deluxe would be just the kind of store you'd find in the small town of Hawkins! I mean, I would go there!

Also, also, who knew Ted Wheeler was such a fan of "The Sound of Music"?

As I proud mega fan of "The Sound of Music", it was fun including it in my story.

6. A Trip to Junk Deluxe Cut Short

A Trip to Junk Deluxe Cut Short and a Car Ride with Bob

"So, there are four rings, right?" asked Callum, the man who owned the place. I nodded and leaned on the counter. "No leaning on the counter, please" he reminded me. I immediately straightened up.

After clearing his throat, he went on, gesturing to each ring, nestled in its own little foam holder, which sat inside a wooden box, "Now, the first ring will protect you against them Demogorgons" Before I could ask how he knew about this, he was already moving on, "The second ring will easily cut through the barrier into the Upside Down. Notice the edges on the purple gem" I nodded.

I guess I should explain that I had already spent half of my allotted time looking for the wooden box and the other half explaining what I needed to Callum. We were creeping past my allotted time. Instead of "allotted", I should say "estimated", yeah, that makes more sense, since I don't know when Joyce will be ready to pick me up.

The man asked, "Do you have the ability to use this ring with the purple gem?" I shrugged. He clarified, "Only individuals with the SSRMA, or rather Super Special Rare Magical Ability can wear this ring and be able to use it to get through the barrier into the Upside Down"

In response, I turned my wrist over to show him the number "035" on my wrist that the Professor had tattooed on there before leaving for the past. He had said this would be my proof that I have the super special rare magic ability. He had also told me that 11 has it as well, but in a different form and classification. She and I are connected in that way.

Callum chuckled, "Well, that confirms it. No, don't worry about payment. I'm friends with your Professor" I smiled at this. He went on, "Which means, by the way, I know you're a time traveler. What do you think of 1984, so far?"

Before I could answer, the door to the Junk Deluxe opened, making a

bell over the door ring. My head whipped around to find that Joyce had entered the store and then my heart dropped down in my stomach.

Turning to Callum, I asked, "So, can you tell me about these two rings here?"

Callum replied, "Sure I can. Now, this orange one-g" Before he could continue, I felt Joyce behind me and then felt her hand take my wrist. I thought I was going to throw up I was so scared.

She whispered in my ear, "Time to go"

I told her, "Oh, uh, I'm not done yet"

Joyce replied, "I don't care, I told you to be ready to go, and you're not. We're leaving, c'mon" I didn't move.

Trying to keep my voice steady, I asked Callum, "So, about the orange ring?"

Joyce whispered in my ear, "What's your middle name?"

I whispered back, "Uh, Katherine"

Before I could stop her, Joyce grabbed the box from the counter, handed the box to me and said, "Say goodbye to the nice man, and let's skedaddle" When I dug in my heels, she gave one last pull and raised her voice, "Margaret Katherine Langford, we are leaving, whether you like it or not, now move your feet!"

Callum raised his eyebrows at me, "I think you'd better listen to her" I sighed and let myself be pulled from the shop by Joyce. Hey, she may be petite, but man does she have a strong grip!

"This is why I told you that you'd better be ready to go when I come to pick you up, you didn't listen, did you?" reprimanded Joyce a little while later, on our way back to the Byers' house. I gave a shaky nod, still fighting the urge to throw up.

On Monday morning, I was busy helping look for Joyce's keys. Why was I there, you may ask? Del couldn't take me to school because her

older brother had to use her car and the Professor couldn't drive me because he had to meet with someone at Hawkins Lab. I biked over, only to realize that once I got there, I had a flat tire.

I had managed to wedge my arm under the couch when Bob's voice crowed, coming down the hallway, "Ah-ha! Found em! Hiding under some jeans, the little buggers"

Joyce was so happy that she kissed him on the cheek, "Oh, thank you, you're a life-saver" I pulled my arm out from under the couch, brushed the dust off and hurried over to join the others, managing to trip over one leg of the coffee table on my way, but nobody paid any mind to my almost-falling-on-my-face.

To Jonathan, she asked, "Hey, can you take Will and Maggie to school today? I cannot be late again"

Jonathan replied, "Sure, but I thought Maggie rode her bike here"

Wincing and biting her lower lip, Joyce handed me my backpack (she had grabbed it from where I had dropped it by the hallway table), "Yeah, flat tire"

From where I stood, I could hear Jonathan mutter (having shot a glance at Bob), "He's staying over now?"

Joyce muttered back, pulling on her tan corduroy jacket, the collar sticking up on one side (I fought the urge to fix it), "Can you just take Will, and Maggie, please?" I chewed nervously on my lower lip.

Just then, Bob spoke up, shrugging, "I can take 'em, no problem"

Turning to him, Joyce asked, "Can you make sure Will gets in okay and make sure Maggie doesn't try to play hooky?"

Nodding, Bob said to me, "Ah, so you're fond of playing, hooky, huh?"

Joyce spoke, "She tried to get out of detention"

I added, "By faking an asthma attack"

Fixing her collar, Joyce frowned at me, "Which is never a good idea,

young lady, especially when you're with me, I may take it seriously" I felt guilt gnaw at the pit of my stomach.

Ignoring this Bob spoke, addressing myself and Will, "Yeah, of course. What do you say, you two, wanna go for the ride in the Bob-mobile?" Will smiled at this.

On the car ride to school, as Bob passed through town, I spotted Dustin riding his bike in the direction of the library and knew he was on a mission to get books to find out more about Dart, his new "pet", that he found in his trashcan. Seriously, watch the show, if you're confused.

As I looked through my History textbook in the backseat, I overheard Bob telling Will about the clown that dominated his nightmares and remembered that on the show, this was a reference to "It", a movie I refuse to watch because, well, I can't stand horror movies. I'll stick to the Stephen King books, thank you very much.

Just as Bob was telling Will about how he got rid of the Mr. Baldo nightmares by sternly telling the clown to "Go away, go AWAY", I gave a nervous squirm in my seat, knowing exactly how Will was going to take that advice. Oh boy was it going to go awry, believe me.

I fought the urge with every ounce I had to lean forward and tell Will, "Just try not to use this on the Shadow Monster, okay? It's not gonna end well" because then he would ask how I know this and, well, the Professor would find out and drag me back to my time for telling Will about his future. It would not end well for me, is all I'm saying.

A little while later, after dropping Will off at his school, and making sure he got in okay, Bob pulled up in front of the high school and said, "Well, here we are, Miss Maggie. Go on in and have a great day, or not...the choice is yours"

I inwardly groaned at the cheesiness of this. He sounded like my middle school principal who would say pretty much the same thing every morning over the loudspeaker....for two years. No wonder I can remember it verbatim all these years later!

After I got out of the car, my backpack on my back, Bob rolled down his window, leaned out and called, in a voice for everyone to hear, "Make good choices, kiddo!"

I felt my cheeks burn fiery hot and I quickened my pace towards the school, trying my best to ignore calls of "Yeah, make good choices, kiddo" and "Blue and red do not mix, honey".

"Alright, tell me what happened to get you all hot and bothered" smiled Delilah as I finally reached our lockers.

I sighed and recounted my Walk of Shame into school.

In response, Del replied, as I tried for a third time to unlock the lock on my locker because of my hands shaking so badly, "Uh, yeah, red and blue DO mix, haven't they heard of Thing One and Thing Two? Blue hair and red outfits, duh!"

Smiling at this, I said, "Thanks for that, but what about Bob?"

Shrugging, the girl replied, "No need to worry about him, he's just trying his best. I went into the RadioShack where he works to get my Walkman fixed and he really knows his stuff" I smiled some more as I finally got my locket open.

Author's Note

This was just a few things I wanted to get down, just to get Maggie caught up with the events of the season. It varies a little from the timeline of the show and that's okay because it's my story!

Also, I really did have a middle school principal who would say, "Have a great day...or not, the choice is YOURS" every single day over the loudspeaker. He was a cool guy!

So, I think the next chapter might center around Maggie possibly sneaking out of school at lunch time to go back to Junk Deluxe. I'm not sure if Juniors at Hawkins High are allowed to leave the campus for lunch, but I guess Maggie will have to find out, won't she?

I also love how Joyce isn't afraid to get all Mama Bear with Maggie, as if Maggie's one of her own.

7. A Good Girl Gone Bad

When a Good Girl Goes Bad

Author's Note:

I am sorry for the delay. I wanted to write a scene where Maggie gets herself in hot water in the principal's office, but I couldn't quite visualize it...that is, until I watched a few episodes of "Psych" and was inspired!

In the principal's office scene, the principal of Hawkins High, Mrs. Winnifred Wilcroft, will be portrayed by Kirsten Nelson. The role of the principal, in my mind, is very similar to that of Kirsten Nelson's role as Karen Vick in the show "Psych", which is what helped me visualize the scene.

I have a hard time picturing Karen Vick with an 80s hairstyle, so you readers familiar with that time period can use your imaginations.

Anyway, on with the story!

*****8

"Hi, I'm looking for Callum Brocklebank, who owns the place?" I asked nervously as I approached the counter, clutching the wooden box that hadn't been fully explained to me. My backpack felt heavy on my shoulders and my hands felt sweaty, but I hung onto the box.

The woman behind the counter, who was untangling necklaces, looked up and replied, giving me a friendly smile, "Mr. Brocklebank stepped out for lunch, but will be back in an hour or so. Is there anything I can help you with?"

I shook my head and replied, "Uh, no, thanks, but no"

The woman frowned, "Shouldn't you be in school right now? You go to Hawkins High School, correct?" I nodded. She then said, "My son is a Senior and he's allowed to leave campus for lunch, but you look like a Junior, am I correct?" I nodded.

She went on, smirking, "11th graders aren't allowed to leave the campus for lunch, and yet here you are! I think I should call up the school and let them know one of their students is here without permission"

I felt like I was going to throw up, so I zipped the box back in my backpack, turned and bolted from the store, almost knocking over a few priceless artifacts on my way out. When I pushed open the door and felt the cool air wash over my sweaty face, I was able to relax.

As the door swung shut behind me, I glanced around and chewed on my lower lip, trying to figure out a way home, or back to school. How did I get here in the first place? Well, after a lot of convincing and some flirting, I had gotten Jonathan to drop me off at Junk Deluxe. Keyword; drop me off, meaning I had to find my own way home.

Clutching the straps of my backpack, I glanced this way and that before I spotted a familiar couple sitting on the bench down the way, outside of Melvald's. As I got closer, I realized it was Joyce and Bob, enjoying boloney sandwiches and cans of Dr. Pepper, as they had a nice conversation.

I crept closer and leaned against a parking meter to listen in on their conversation, which I knew almost by heart from watching the show. It was in episode three, the one called "The Pollywog".

Basically, Bob mentioned his JVC was dinged up, Joyce asked him to speak English and he had clarified that he meant his video camera. He then mentioned seeing, on the tape, that there were some bigger kids picking on Will. Joyce, of course, went into Mama Bear mode and muttered something about wanting to harm those kids.

Bob then would mention that this is what he admired about Joyce, the fact that she wasn't afraid to punch back, and that he was never really one to put up a fight. He mentioned struggling a lot like Will when he was a kid, with bullies.

After his little soliloquy about bullies and how he's lucky that he gets to date Joyce Byers, the two smiled at each other and then leaned in to kiss. As they kissed, I moved from my spot by the parking meter

and walked down the sidewalk to the bench where they sat.

Bob opened his eyes, saw me, sat up and spoke, "Oh, hey there, Maggie" This made Joyce startle and turn to look up at me. Bob then asked, "Aren't you supposed to be in school?"

Joyce turned to Bob, "Good point, I thought I asked you to make sure that this girl doesn't play hooky?"

Nodding, Bob replied, "You did, and I made sure that she got into the school. She went right in through the front doors. Seemed like she was embarrassed about something though"

Rubbing her temple, Joyce asked, "Oh, Bob, you didn't embarrass her, did you?"

Shrugging, the man answered, "All I did was roll down my window, lean out and call to her, "Make good choices, kiddo"

Joyce just groaned, "Oh, Bob, she's in high school, and generally, high schoolers don't like being called "kiddo", especially in front of their fellow classmates"

The man sighed, "Yeah, I guess you're right"

Just then, my stomach decided it was the right time to let out a groan of hunger, loud enough for both Bob and Joyce to hear. Joyce looked concerned, "Oh, Maggie, you must be hungry. Here, you can have the other half of my sandwich"

Before I knew it, I sat on the bench in between Bob and Joyce. Bob spoke, as Joyce gave me the other half of her sandwich, on the wax paper the sandwich had been wrapped in, "Maggie, I'm going to run into Melvald's to get you a can of soda, what would you like?"

I replied, as Joyce guided my arms out of the straps of my backpack and then set my backpack on the ground between our feet, "Coke would be great"

Bob smirked, "Yeah, but what kind? We got Sprite, root beer, uh, Dr. Pepper"

Joyce gave a giggle as she fixed my hair, which was currently in a ponytail, "Bob, she means an actual Coke, you know, Coca-Cola"

After Bob nodded, winked and then went inside the store, Joyce asked, giving my ponytail one last tug, "So, how'd you get here? You were in Junk Deluxe, weren't you? Unfinished business?"

I replied, "Jonathan dropped me off. Yes, I was in Junk Deluxe, but Callum wasn't there, so I wasn't able to finish my discussion with him" Joyce nodded as I took a bite of the sandwich.

As I chewed, Joyce asked, "Are you in the same grade as Jonathan or a grade below? I forgot"

I answered, "I'm a grade below. Jonathan's a Senior, I'm a Junior"

Joyce then frowned, "If I remember correctly, the school rules state that only Seniors are allowed to leave campus for lunch and yet here you are. Something tells me that this wasn't Jonathan's idea, it was yours" I just shrugged nervously and took another bite of my sandwich.

"Here you are, a nice cold can of Coke" announced Bob, sitting down beside me.

Joyce gave me a glare and said, "You'd better snarf down the rest of that sandwich and Coke because I'm not gonna allow you to eat or drink in my car" To Bob, she said, as I cracked open the can of Coke, "I'll explain later"

This, ladies and gentleman is where I get a chance to use my very handy skill of chugging down liquids super quickly, I mean, REALLY fast. There's this special muscle in my throat that allows me to do this. Sure, I got a little brain freeze and the hiccups for like a minute, but those were only temporary.

"Seriously, Maggie, what's gotten into you lately?" exclaimed Joyce as she pulled out of her parking spot. She went on, as I buckled my seatbelt, "I mean, faking an asthma attack to get out of detention, me resorting to pulling you by the hand out of the thrift store after you refused to leave, have I missed anything?"

I replied, "The reason I got the detention in the first place?"

Holding up a finger, the woman said, "Yes, thank you. Do you mind explaining this sudden change in behavior? I want to fill that maternal role that you seem to be missing in your life, but I can't do that if you won't tell me what's goin' on with you"

I gave a nervous squirm on the seat and replied, "I'll explain everything when I can, I promise"

Nodding, Joyce said, "Okay, but I'm gonna hold you to that"

As soon as I entered the school, not long after that, I heard over the intercom, a female voice boom with a slight crackle, "Margaret Langford to the Principal's Office, please, Margaret Langford to the Principal's Office, please" I sighed and swore under my breath as I adjusted the straps on my shoulders.

After what felt like an excruciatingly long walk, I finally found myself at the closed door of the Principal's Office. The nameplate on the door read, "Principal Winnifred Wilcroft" Man, here comes that nausea again.

The secretary looked over at me and said, "Please take a seat, Miss Langford, Mrs. Wilcroft is with a student at the moment" With a sigh, I sat down in the plastic chair by the door. The seat of the chair was ice-cold, thanks to the frigid air blowing down on it from a nearby vent in the ceiling.

"Well, well, well, Miss Margaret Langford, is it?" spoke a familiar voice, about ten minutes later, after the student had left. I looked up to find what I could only describe as a version of Chief Karen Vick (from the awesome show "Psych"), if she were a high school principal in 1984. I always thought Chief Vick was intimidating, but man oh man, seeing her in real life, was kind of scary.

Leaning against the doorframe, Mrs. Wilcroft jerked her head in the direction of her office and said, "Please, do join me, in my office"

I shakily got up from my seat and followed the blond woman on cooked spaghetti legs into her office. Mrs. Wilcroft closed the door

behind me and gestured at a hard wooden chair in front of her large wooden desk. SHE had an awesomely comfortable-looking cushioned chair.

Sitting down in that aforementioned chair, the woman folded her fingers on the blotter, leaned forward and asked, "Do you know why I brought you in here, Margaret?" I shook my head. She gave a smirk, "C'mon, take a guess" I shook my head again.

Sitting back and folding her arms, Mrs. Wilcroft spoke, "Alright, I'll tell you a story, tell me if this sounds familiar. A student by the name of Steven Harrington came to me and told me that he overheard you coercing a Mr. Jonathan Byers to take you off campus for lunch"

I sputtered, "I thought that was allowed"

Shaking her head, Mrs. Wilcroft replied, "Nope, it was explained at the start of year assembly that 11th grade students are not allowed to leave campus for lunch while 12th grade students are allowed. Furthermore, 12th grade students are not allowed to take 11th graders off campus for lunch"

She went on, "It seems that you were fully aware of this rule and chose to ignore it and do your own thing. In fact, I spoke to Jonathan Byers and he told me what you told him, that you knew you weren't allowed to leave campus anyway, but chose to convince him to break the rule with you. Thank goodness Mr. Byers is an honest kid"

Mrs. Wilcroft went on, as I sat in my chair, arms folded, stewing over the fact that Jonathan had betrayed me and that those tutoring sessions were over, "Now, for your punishment, I believe a week's worth of detention is in order"

She went on, "Chief Hopper has informed me that, due to your asthma and the fact that William Hargrove attends Saturday detention, you cannot serve detention on Saturdays, so it'll be lunch time detentions all week instead"

I sat up, "Who's to say that Billy Hargrove won't be attending those as well? What will we do then?"

The principal smirked, "You know, we can, put you in a different classroom, if such a situation occurs" I heaved a sigh.

I asked, "So, is Jonathan Byers going to get in trouble, same as me? He's the one who agreed to my coercion and took me off campus for lunch"

Principal Wilcroft replied diplomatically, "That is none of your concern, young lady"

This whole time, my feelings of betrayal, anger and annoyance at Jonathan Byers boiled over and my impulse control issue, got the best of me. Leaping to my feet, I cried out, wishing I had room to slam my hands on her desk, "BULLSHIT!"

Pointing to my chair, Mrs. Wilcroft ordered, "Margaret Langford, take your seat this instant, before I decided to add on an additional week of punishment"

Just as I was about to take my seat, the door opened, making my head swivel around and Mrs. Wilcroft look up. The secretary poked her head through the door, "The Zimmerman boys are at it again. Better go take care of them"

I spoke up, "Or Joyce Byers might do it for you"

To me, Principal Wilcroft said, "You, hush" and then to the secretary, "I'll be right there" and hurried out of the room without another word, pulling the door shut behind her.

Now that I was on my own, there was a chance to make some mischief, so I walked around Mrs. Wilcroft's desk, sank down in her chair and opened a drawer labelled with the words, "Confiscated items"

Rifling through the array of items inside, I took out a bottle of schnapps, pocketed it, grabbed a pack of cigarettes, pocketed that as well, and then closed the drawer after snagging a few colorful rubber bouncy balls. I had a bigger collection at home, but what I DON'T have is any from the 80s!

I was trying to pick the lock to the drawer that held the more

confidential files a little while later when I heard Mrs. Wilcroft returning. I had to act fast! Opening the container of cigarettes, I slid one out, placed it in my mouth, put my feet on the desk and crossed my ankles.

Just as the door opened, I leaned back, Ferris Bueller style, my hands clasped behind my head, unlit cigarette poking out of my mouth.

I realized too late, that I had the wrong end sticking out, but I was able to quickly switch it as the woman standing in the doorway, stepped into the room, shut the door behind her and spoke, her voice shaking with anger, "Forget the week of lunchtime detentions, Margaret Langford"

She went on, trying to keep her voice steady, "Oh no, no, no, no, young lady, you now have two weeks suspension" She paused, "Is that a bottle of schnapps sticking out of your pocket? Make that three weeks, and you can look forward to serving a week of lunchtime detention when you return"

Opening her door, she ordered, "Please leave my office. I do not want to see you until three weeks have passed. Also, have Mrs. Richardson call your guardian and inform him of your punishment"

I scurried out of the office, not being able to believe my luck. Of course, when the Professor was called, he asked to speak with me. When I told him the story, he was actually proud of me because I had earned myself all this extra time to get into the Upside Down, time that would normally be spent in school.

Of course, I had asked him, "Well, why did you place me in school then?"

He had answered, "It's part of your mission; attend school and use your free time to either complete homework or work on getting into the Upside Down to get footage, of course!" I didn't quite understand this logic, but whatever.

After gathering my things from my locker, I left a note in Del's locker, telling her to meet me on the wall that separated the middle school field from the trees beyond, because the wall would give me a good

vantage point to watch Will get attacked by the Shadow Monster. Nothing I can do to stop it, so might as well watch, right?

Author's Note:

So, the timeline is a little skewed here, but then again, it's going to be slightly different from the show anyway.

For those of you who watch "Psych" I hope you enjoyed the visual imagery of Chief Karen Vick as an 80s high school principal....under a different name, of course. I just chose her for the visual image and I'm glad I did!

I know the three week suspension sounded harsh, even for a first time offender but I'm guessing this principal knows what she's doing. Either that, or I've been watching a lot of "Psych" and imagined what Chief Vick would do in that situation. A police chief is similar to a high school principal, at least in my inexperienced mind.

8. The One Where the Shadow Monster Gets Me

The One Where the Shadow Monster Gets Me...well, sort of

"I dare you to drink this bottle of schnapps" challenged Del as we sat side by side on the wall, our backs to the trees as we faced the middle school field. It was a cold and overcast day and I kept kicking myself for forgetting my jacket in my locker.

I glanced down at the small bottle of schnapps that Del held in her hand and thought about how she had made the perfect choice to dress up as rebellious Rizzo for Halloween. Del shook the bottle at me and said, "C'mon, it's watermelon-flavored, you like watermelon, right?"

As I took the bottle from her hand, I thought to myself, "Well, there goes all the DARE lessons I was taught in school, might as well throw away my certificate and baseball cap they gave me in fourth grade, cause I just failed them". Was I really turning from Good Sandy to Bad Sandy? Good thing I hate tight leather pants!

Unscrewing the cap, and trying to ignore Del's eyes boring into me, I tentatively took a sip and then a small gulp, and then three gulps. It burned all the way down and made me gag. Shoving the bottle back at Del, I coughed and spluttered, as I searched through my backpack for a bottle of water.

A few minutes later, as I finished gulping down an entire bottle of water, I noticed, in the distance, a terrified Will running onto the field, stopping turning and staring up at the heavily clouded sky.

As I watched, the Shadow Monster loomed in the sky, and then inched its way towards Will. All the while, Will was shouting, "Go away, go away, go AWAY", after having decided to take Bob's advice after all.

This, of course, didn't work and the Shadow Monster began infiltrating the boy through his eyes and mouth. I've watched this in the episode dozens of times, but watching it from afar, in real life was more than I could bear.

Ignoring Del's cries of "Maggie, come back here!", I slipped down from the wall and strode out across the field to where Will stood.

I shouted up at the Shadow Monster, "HEY YOU BIG STUPID SMOKE THING! TAKE ME INSTEAD!" At this, the big shadow thing, while using one of its tentacles to continue infiltrating Will, used one of its other tentacles on me. I felt smoke enter my mouth and then into my lungs. Some got in my eyes, but I quickly squeezed my eyes shut.

Once he was finished with me, I began coughing. The coughs, soon turned into wheezing and well, I guess I should tell you that sometimes, I wheeze so much that I end up fainting. So, that's what I did, I felt myself fall backwards and hit the grass, but then darkness took over and I couldn't remember anything else.

Meanwhile

When Will snapped back to reality, he told his mom, "I'm okay for now, I guess, but I don't think Maggie's okay" He then gestured at the girl laying in the grass nearby.

Joyce frowned as she walked over to Maggie's prone body, "What is she doing here?"

As she knelt beside the girl, Lucas spoke, "It's as if she knew, somehow that Will was going to have another episode and came here to warn him"

Dustin asked as Joyce brushed a lock of strikingly blue hair out of Maggie's closed eyes, "I-is she still alive?"

Moving around to the girl's other side, Joyce answered, "You check her wrist, I'll look for other signs"

Will spoke, "What am I, chopped liver?" and then chuckled weakly at his joke. Seeing as it got no response, he just folded his arms. Honestly, he felt fine, just kind of out of it, like he really needed a nap. Yeah, that was it, he was tired and wanted to have some sleep.

Dustin picked up Maggie's limp wrist, and found a pulse. As he called out the news to Joyce, he noticed a silver band around the girl's wrist and immediately became interested. It looked futuristic. Moving it

around, he noticed there were numbers engraved on the underside of the band.

Turning the band back around, he ran a thumb over the top of it, making a penal move back to reveal a screen with a set of buttons beside the screen, one green, the other red.

Just then, a voice shouted, "Hey, don't touch that!" Everyone present, except for Maggie, of course, looked up to find a girl running towards them across the field, carrying a backpack in each hand. The backpacks swung wildly as she ran.

Finally reaching the group, she dropped the backpacks to the grass and spoke, addressing everyone, "Delilah Peterson, best friend of Maggie Langford" The girl knelt beside Joyce and said, "It appears as if Maggie tried to take the brunt of the attacks, but was not successful"

Will asked, "She was trying to save me?"

Delilah nodded, "Looks like it, kid" and then said to Dustin, "Hands off the wrist device, please"

Dustin replied, "But it looks so futuristic"

The girl shot back, "We need to focus, please"

Joyce asked, rather worriedly, "Is Maggie going to be okay?"

Delilah frowned and replied, "She'll need to be seen by her grandfather, the Professor"

The older woman questioned, "a-a-nd how do we get in contact with him?"

Sitting back on her haunches, Delilah answered, "Call him. He should have some answers. Meanwhile, take both Will and Maggie back to your place, they'll need rest"

It took some discussion, but finally, it was decided that Delilah would carry Maggie's body to Joyce's car. Joyce walked with Will towards the front of the school, one arm around his shoulders. She carried

Maggie's backpack in her other hand.

Back to me

"Did you see this thing on the field?" came Joyce's voice. I slowly opened my eyes and took a moment to figure out my surroundings. I was on the couch in the Byers' living room, all covered up with a quilt (some might say it was an American-made quilt, but how does one make it?)

Throwing back the quilt, I tried to get up, but nausea quickly told me this was not a good idea, so I sank back down on the cushions as Will's voice responded to his mom's question, "Yes, and Maggie was there too"

As Will tearfully admitted that he didn't know what that shadow thing was, I lay there on the couch, thinking that Noah Schnapp really deserved all the freakin' awards for his performance in this scene, Winona Ryder too. Oh wait, this is really happening, it's not a show on Netflix, what am I thinking?

Throughout Joyce and Will's entire emotional exchange, I couldn't help but think again, about how the two of them deserved all the acting awards! Dang, sorry, I'm just a girl from a time when this is all a show on Netflix.

By the end of it, I lay there on the couch, tears falling down my face. As soon as quiet fell between the two of them, a sob escaped from me and in my attempts to cover it up, I started coughing and wheezing. Pretty soon, I was coughing up what looked like ash, which settled onto the rumpled quilt.

Joyce hurried out of the kitchen, found me on the couch, smiled and said, "Hey there, look who's awake" She sat down on the coffee table and asked, running a hand over my sweaty forehead, "How're you feeling, kiddo?" I just shrugged.

Glancing down, she asked, "Is that ash on my quilt?" She brushed it away and then went on, "You coughed the ash up, didn't you?" I nodded. Putting a hand to my forehead, she continued, "I talked to your grandfather, the Professor. Turns out he's on vacation, which

means it looks like you're spending Thanksgiving with us"

She waved a hand and said, "But we'll figure that out later. He told me that you should have very minor side effects from being attacked by what he called the Shadow Monster, just coughing up ash and such" I nodded.

Joyce continued, "But he wants you to be there with Will when we take him to Hawkins Lab for testing. He didn't say much more about that" I nodded again as she looked concernedly at me, "You don't mind sleeping on the couch tonight, do you?" I shook my head.

Smiling she said, "Good, now the bathroom's down the hall in case you need it, for whatever reason. If you start throwing up ash-colored stuff and get freaked out by that, feel free to come get me. I'm very good at providing comfort" I smiled at this.

Tucking some sweaty locks of hair behind my ear, she said, "Now, you just stay here and rest, missy" She paused, leaned forward and added, "And I'm nto going to ask why your breath smells like a mix between smoke and schnapps"

I put my hands up in defense, "I only had like three gulps and I hated it"

Joyce smiled at this, "Good, that means you won't touch it until you're legally of age to drink it, like I am"

I sighed, "I put it in my backpack if you want the rest of it" As I watched the older woman go through my backpack, soon coming up with the bottle of schnapps from before, "Also, the principal saw me with the schnapps and a package of cigarettes, and now I'm suspended for three weeks"

Joyce held up the package of cigarettes, winked and said, "I'd better confiscate these and the schnapps. I won't tell if you won't" Before I could smile at this, she frowned at me, "But I am very disappointed with you, Maggie. You're better than this, I know you are!"

She then patted my knee, "Maybe spending three weeks here with the Byers will knock some sense back into you" I smiled as she got up and

walked back into the kitchen, slipping her newfound treasures into her jacket pockets as she did so. I stared after her, puzzled as puzzled could be at what had just transpired.

What have I gotten myself into?

Author's Note

Okay, this one is a little more quirky than I'm used to writing, but I think it turned out well. I just figured a little twist is what this story needs. Sure, Will has it a lot worse than Maggie, and all Maggie got out of it was having to cough up ash, but it's something, I guess.

Also, please ignore my not-so-subtle reference to another Winona Ryder film called "How to Make An American Quilt". I just watched the opening scenes on YouTube and felt the need to sneak that reference in there.

Also-also, it might come up later, but the metal band that Dustin finds around Maggie's wrist is called a FROG. I talk about it a little in the prologue if you get confused.

Not sure where I want to go from here, but I'm sure I'll figure it out soon!

An extra bonus scene

The sound of the door opening woke me from a light sleep. I sleepily sat up and turned on a lamp to find Jonathan entering the house. Stopping in his tracks, he asked, bewildered, "What are you doing here?"

Folding my arms, I replied, "Long story. By the way, thanks for ratting me out, you traitor. I thought we were friends"

Jonathan threw his jacket onto a nearby chair and shot back, "You'll have Steve to thank for that. He's the one who saw you convince me to take you off-campus. I tried bribing him not to tell, but he guilt-tripped me into going to the principal myself. So yeah, maybe I am a traitor, but so is Steve"

As he strode off in the direction of the hallway, I called out, "Okay, you're both traitors, thanks for admitting it" Jonathan, of course, ignored me and focused on looking for his brother and mother. I knew where they were, but I wasn't gonna tell him!

So.....does Maggie end up friends with Jonathan, or is she going to give him the cold shoulder? Only time will tell!

9. A Friend in Need is a Friend Indeed

A Friend in Need is a Friend Indeed

Sorry for the delay everyone! Real life has kept me from sitting down and writing another chapter. Happy news: I had a birthday, yay!

Um, anyway, this will take us right through "Will the Wise" and I think the episode after that, but I'm not sure where the cutoff point will be. I have to figure it out.

I also have to figure out where Maggie is going to sleep because the couch will be taken up by Will's drawings. Hmm, that is something I'll have to think about, especially while watching the episode and paying attention to background details, which is what I like to do anyway.

Enough talk, let's get on with the story, shall we?

The Next Morning

Following the sound of the running water from the bathtub faucet, I shuffled my way down the hallway, yawning as I did so. Joyce had given me a pair of her pajamas to wear. She and I have the same style; baggy shirt with mismatched pajama bottoms, so they fit quite nicely.

Joyce looked up as I stopped in the doorway of the bathroom. She was perched on the edge of the bathtub, checking the temperature of the running water with her fingers, and once she did this, she asked, "Can you toss me a washcloth, please?"

Taking a wash cloth from the cupboard to my right, I tossed it to Joyce, who caught it easily and, after turning the faucet off, dried her hands. She asked, "How'd you sleep last night?" I just shrugged.

I then answered, leaning against the doorframe, "Took me awhile to get to sleep since I'm not used to sleeping in a different environment. I kept thinking of my family back home and that was difficult"

Giving me a sympathetic smile, Joyce replied, "Sounds like it. How about you get some more sleep while I get Will his bath and get breakfast started. What're you hungry for?"

Shrugging, I answered, "Scrambled eggs and pancakes, if you're up for it"

Smirking, Joyce shot back, "Am I up for it, of course I'm up for it. Don't you go doubting my breakfast-making skills there, missy"

Putting her hands on her knees, getting ready to get up, she said, "Well, I'd better go tell Will his bath is ready and then call Hopper, again. He seems to be MIA for some reason"

Pausing before she got up, she asked, "Do you need to use the bathroom, sweetie?"

Shaking my head and pushing myself off the doorframe, I answered, "I'm fine"

Frowning, Joyce asked, "Are you sure? Cause I can ask Will to wait a few minutes"

Even though I did need to go, I didn't want to tie up the bathroom, delaying the events of the episode (and by episode, I mean the events that correspond with the episode on the show), which I know the Professor would not like, so I said, "I'm sure, don't worry about me"

Chuckling as she crossed the bathroom, she said, "I'm Joyce Byers, worrying is my middle name" Putting an arm around my shoulders and walking me away from the bathroom, she went on, "I'll be sure to let Will know to keep his bath short as to not keep you waiting any longer than necessary" I smiled at this.

I then asked, as we walked down the hallway, "What is your middle name?"

Joyce answered, before kissing the side of my head, "Laura, and my maiden name was Horowitz before I became Joyce Byers. Your middle name is Katherine, right?"

I replied, as she led me over to the couch, "Yep, Katherine, after my

mom"

Smiling, Joyce said, "Hey, I like that name. Margaret Katherine, it suits you well. Now you get some rest, Margaret Katherine and I'll wake you when breakfast is ready"

I answered, "Actually, I'm not that tired. I can put together some breakfast for myself"

Joyce asked, "You sure, sweetie?"

Nodding, I replied, "Yeah, I'm a big girl, you do what you need to do"

With that, Joyce went to the phone while I went into the kitchen in search of some food I can whip up for breakfast. To my dismay, however, I realized that Joyce really needed to pay a visit to the grocery store. Biting my lip, I glanced over at Joyce, who was on the phone with Flo, trying to reach Hopper.

I then remembered that, hey, you know who has a fully-stocked kitchen? The Professor, of course! Plus, while I'm there, I can grab stuff that I need for my extended stay at the Byers! See, it'll all work out! I just have to figure out how to get everything I need from my house to the Byers, but I'll cross that bridge when I get to it.

When Joyce returned to the kitchen after her talk with Will, I told her, "I'm going to ride my bike over to my house to grab some things and some stuff for breakfast"

Folding her arms, Joyce asked, as Will entered the kitchen, dressed in just a towel around his waist, "Yeah, what kind of things are we talking about?"

I shrugged and replied, as Joyce ruffled his son's hair, "Oh, some personal belongings, toothbrush, toothpaste, pajamas that are mine" I paused to gesture at the shirt and pajama pants I still wore, and added, "Oh yeah, and a stuffed moose I sleep with named Marvin"

Will snickered as he grabbed a carton of milk, "You still sleep with a stuffed moose?"

Joyce waved a hand, "Ignore him, he's not himself"

She then admonished, "We don't make fun of Maggie's choices. If she chooses to sleep with a stuffed moose, then so be it, and I'll have you know, I slept with a bunny named Bella until I was well past Maggie's age"

Will sighed, "Sorry, Mom, and I'm sorry that Dad had to tell you not to sleep with Bella anymore. Do you still have her?"

Joyce smiled, "Yeah, of course I do! Same with your baby blanket, and Jonathan's for that matter. They're in the guest room that I just remembered we have!"

Will informed me, "We just use it for storage now, since we don't use that room too often for guests. By the way, I sleep with a lion named Lenny" I knew this from the show because Eleven had a similar lion with her when she was in the lab.

Joyce smiled at this, noticed the milk carton in Will's hand and said, "You'd better be grabbing a glass to pour that into, young man. No drinking from the carton in this house, especially not in front of our guest. We don't want to be giving her any ideas"

And with that, I decided to make my exit. As I was pulling on a jacket, Joyce asked, arms still folded, "Are you sure you don't want to change before going out?"

I replied, "I'll change when I get back" and escaped the house before she could say anything back. It was a nice surprise to find my bike tires inflated. My guess was that it was Bob who did it, just because he's a nice guy. Yeah, I like Bob!

When I got to the house I shared with the Professor, I dug my key from the pocket on my jacket and let myself into the dark and silent house. Closing the door behind me, I proceeded up the stairs to my bedroom.

Once in my bedroom, I grabbed a duffel bag and just filled it with as much clothing (and underthings) as it could fit. It was a good thing I had brought two duffel bags with me as well as another backpack. The second duffel bag was for personal items, like books, extra clothes, toiletries, Marvin, of course, my piggy bank full of spending

money and much more.

After filling two duffel bags and a backpack, I filled a box full of sheets that I hoped would fit the guest room bed. I needed something familiar to sleep on at least! I added pillowcases and headed downstairs.

In the kitchen, I filled a cooler and two boxes full of food that would go bad if I wasn't there to eat it. This was food I would eat, of course, so that I wouldn't eat Joyce out of house and home, especially since she has just enough for her, Will and Jonathan. I didn't want to mess up her food budget, stretched as it is.

I was trying to decide which mugs from my mug collection to take with me and which to take behind when I heard the doorbell ring. Setting my Tigger mug on the counter, I frowned and headed to the front door.

As I walked, I realized that I should probably take the mugs that wouldn't give me away as a time traveler. My Tigger mug was safe, but my Broadway show mugs probably were not, especially the ones from "Wicked" for example.

Of course, I could take the ones that were popular in the 80s, like say "Cats", or possibly, "Hair", to name a few. Yeah, as you can probably guess I collect mugs and I'm a big Broadway nerd! There's a particular mug website that I like to browse whenever I need new mugs to add to my collection.

Anyway, once I got to the front door, I opened it to find a quite handsome young man who looked to be my age, standing on the other side, dressed in a delivery uniform with the nametag that read "Everett"

Holding up a sort of shoe-box sized package and then nudging the cardboard box at his feet, he said, "Delivery for Miss Margaret Langford. Are you Miss Margaret Langford?" I nodded.

I then replied, as he handed me a clipboard (it had the sign sheet clipped to it) and then a pen from behind his ear, "Yeah, that's me"

Realizing something before I could sign the sheet, I frowned, "Wait a minute, I didn't order anything and my grandfather would have told me if he had any packages coming to the house"

Everett frowned back, "You are Margaret Langford, aren't you?"

I nodded, "Yeah, Maggie, actually" Glancing over at the two duffel bags and the backpack by the stairs and remembering the boxes from the kitchen, I asked, shifting my feet a little, "Do you have any more deliveries to make today?"

Everett replied, "Nope, you're my only one. Slow day, I know" He then asked, taking off his delivery cap and running a hand through a head of shaggy brown hair, "Why do you ask? Need help with something?"

Nodding again, I said, "Yeah, actually, you don't mind?"

The boy shrugged, "It will be my pleasure. Plus, you seem trustworthy, are you?"

Nodding for a third time, I giggled, "Trust me, Everett, I am the most trustworthy person you'll meet"

The boy grinned, "Cool, then I think we'll be good friends. Oh, by the way, call me Rhett, everyone does"

As I stepped aside to welcome him into the house, I asked, "Like from "Gone with the Wind" Rhett Butler?"

Giving a sheepish sort of grin, Rhett replied, "Yeah, it's one of my mom's favorite movies, so she insisted that I am named Everett, so that I could be called Rhett as a nickname, and it stuck" He then shrugged and then looked around, "Cool place. So, uh, you live here with your grandfather, huh?" I nodded and smiled at this.

He then admitted as he picked up the deliveries, "I guess I should tell you something"

I asked, as we walked to the kitchen, "You are a delivery person, aren't you?"

Nodding, Rhett replied, "Yeah, I am, but that's not what I wanted to admit"

Once we entered the kitchen, he set the boxes on the table and said, "Well, here goes, um, so I know you're from the future, cause I am too"

I frowned, "You were sent here on the same mission?"

Nodding, Rhett replied, "Pretty much, yeah. I was sent by Chief Meyers to find you and sort of, I don't know, team up, so that you won't have to go through the mission alone"

He went on, "She didn't want you to take a misstep and get mauled by a Demogorgon or a demo dog"

As I finished packing my mugs, he asked, "So, did they place you in school?"

I replied, "Yeah, they did, but I got myself suspended because the principal caught me with a bottle of schnapps and a pack of cigarettes, and my feet up on her desk. She kind of went ballistic"

Nodding, Rhett said, "How long are you suspended for?"

I replied, "About three weeks, which sounds completely ridiculous, but whatever"

Rhett just nodded knowingly, "Ridiculous, but necessary. Any other student and it would have been a much shorter punishment"

Frowning at him, I asked, "How do you know?"

Rhett shrugged, "The Professor and Chief Meyers filled me in. Oh, by the way, the school is in cahoots with the Professor and Chief Meyers"

Catching on, I said, "So, basically, the school was told to suspend me for the three weeks so I can do my exploring in the Upside Down, right?" Rhett nodded.

I went on, "But how did they know the principal would catch me with

the schnapps and the cigarettes?"

Rhett chuckled. "The principal placed those items in her drawer for you to find and then knew you would get curious and she would catch you with them" I nodded. This was making SO much sense!

I remarked, "I guess they just got lucky with me coercing Jonathan to take me off campus for lunch"

The boy just smirked, "Guess what? He was in on it too. He's just sworn to secrecy, that's all, because Joyce doesn't know and she can't know" I nodded.

I then asked, "So, he was told to tell me that he was going off campus so that I would be tempted to coerce him into taking me with him?" My brain was having trouble keeping that straight.

Rhett nodded, glanced at his watch and said, "We'd better get all your things loaded in my truck so we can take them over to the Byers'. They have a guest room, don't they?"

I nodded. He smiled, "Good, this is good"

I guess two heads are better than one because in the time it would take me to try and figure out a way to get all my stuff to the Byers' on my bike, Rhett got all my stuff AND my bike loaded into the bed of his truck. Teamwork makes the dream work!

As we drove, Rhett and I listened to a tape he had brought along and to my surprise, one of the songs on the tape was none other than "Should I Stay (or Should I Go)?" by the Clash. Guess which song we listened to on the drive over?

When we got to the Byers', I turned to Rhett and asked, "So, uh, how are we going to do this?"

Rhett replied, "Joyce should know me because I make food deliveries to her house all the time. She doesn't really like to go to the grocery store if she can help it, plus our delivery company gives her the best deals, and she's a good tipper"

He thought for a moment and said, "Our story is that I showed up at

your house with a delivery that the Professor had forgotten about. You needed a ride to transport your stuff and that's how we became friends"

Smiling as I unbuckled my seatbelt, I commented, "Sounds good to me"

We then climbed out of the truck and each grabbed something from the bed of the truck to carry in with us. This was going to go very smoothly, I could tell!

Author's Note

Most of the delay was caused by not being inspired and so today, I was struck with such inspiration that I knew I needed to sit down and get it all written, so that's what I did.

I needed SOME way to explain the unrealistic three week suspension, and the more I thought about it, the more I got inspired. I don't care if it doesn't make much sense. In a story that involves time travel, it's not going to make much sense anyway.

Plus, also, I kind of just shoehorned in a guest bedroom in the Byers' house, I just have to figure out where it'll go. I think I'll just imagine in an extra room and push the living room forward a little. The layout doesn't EXACTLY have to match the show, does it? It's my imagination, dang it! I'll do what I like with it!